



A new Song C-ld the
POOR WANDERRER SIGHS
AND GRIEF ON PARTING HIS
NATIVE LAND

Oh Erin my country tho thousands did leave thee,

After suffering privations that no tongue can tel
 See the pride of my country in sorrow departing.

Whose sighs fills thy sails as the bid thee farewell,

Their foes he are smiling while they are bewailing,

And our Sons they are toiling ore land and ore sea,

Leaving an Isleland o Plenty with barns and stores empty.

Oh Eain poor Erin a cushlamacree,

But why is my country in sorrow & danger

You revilers of Ireland can best understand,

It's be cause all our stronghold's are held by the stranger,

Our Castles our cattle our Farms & lands.

Our country is declining from her former proud station,

That once was a home for the brave & the free

While the pride of her People now seek emigration

Far far from their country a cushlamacree.

Old England may boast of her army & navy

And her conquests abroad th t she near won alone,

If a war should break out & she wanting a boy

She might need these brave boys that has gon far from home,

Irish men in battle there's none could act braver

They'd fight just like tigers by sea or by land,

And in Englands quarrels they won the great laurel,

Faggabollagh for Ireland a cushlamacree